

# I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR!

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### *It's Time To Come Clean...:*

This is my version of the scene in Pump Up The Volume, the one toward the end where he's being chased by the FCC and he's in the Jeep with that girl that's not as cute as her friend (who hardly gets any dialog or screen time) and they come up over the hill and see all the kids gathered there to hear what Happy Harry Hard-On has to say, and he just decides that it's not worth it to keep on pretending that's who he is and tells all the students he's actually the geeky kid before he get's arrested.

Of course, I'm not getting arrested. But the rest is pretty close.

I don't remember where G.M. came from. At the time I had a violently important reason that I didn't put this thing together, but in the almost seven years that's passed since G.M. first came to me I can't remember what that reason was. I don't even know why he kept it up because most everyone who reads this thing knows who G.M. and Austin Rich are and sometimes question me about the duality of the writing. (An old friend Jack once even pointed out the differences in writing styles and how one had more spelling errors than the other. He turned to me and said, "I don't me to freak you out, but this is definately a sign.")

I don't know where G.M. came from and now that he's gone I really wish I knew more about him. I wanted to try to get him to write one last piece for this issue before he was gone for good but for some reason, when I tried, he just didn't have anything else to say. He didn't even get a chance to say goodbye before his existence disappeared in a puff of logic.

Okay, so it's been me the whole time. Austin Rich, using the name G.M. (or Soylent Green, but he's been long gone... died in a car crash in issue seven or eight). But does that make G.M. any less real? He was there for me those seven years, constantly trying to get Austin out of his little shell. Trying to get him to be more forthcoming with the events of his life. To try and the the last little bit of story out on paper. It wasn't until G.M. started letting Austin seep into the story that I realized G.M.'s days were numbered.

People do things for strange reasons, and who are we to judge? Every time I see where a person lives or somehow get a scrap of evidence as to what their personal life is like I immediately want to comment, "I'm not the only one!" or, "That's like how *I* do it too!" But I generally keep quiet. Pointing out the oddities in the way a person acts, even if it's to reveal how unusual you are yourself, only leads to trouble.

I can't help but wonder if my impending move caused G.M. to leave. Who knows? I know that I'll miss him, and that hopefully he'll come back someday, if for no other reason than to kick my ass into gear then. God knows I might need it.

Like every issue, this one has a story behind it. I originally had intended the last issue to be the Travel Log Issue, and I was going to put Angry Man Josh's Ireland journals in along with "My Travel's Across Europe" by Chris. However, it ended up as seen. This issue was going to pick up the slack and I planned to have it out almost immediately after the last one, but complications arose and only Chris' travelog made it in. Hopefully, we'll get to Angry Man's musing next issue.

The "Typical Eugene Bullshit" is just the start of a loooooong piece I wrote that, basically, contained every little piece of a journal entry and show review I've wanted to put in this 'zine but never got around to. There's a lot more of that where this bit came from.

Madame Freakazoid is a friend from Portland, and though I know I'm sealing my own fate running the piece she wrote (since almost all of my close friends still think the "cruel" rocks) I went ahead and did it anyway. If, for some reason, the next issue doesn't ever come out, I've been lynched.

I'm rather pleased that the Unwound show review is now over a year old. Props to me! I'm thinking about writing a bunch of show reviews now, then waiting five years to run them. Hopefully I won't even have a memory of the show anymore so the text is all that's left for that extra little zing.

"Beer, Cigarettes, And Something Called 'Discipline'" was actually written by my brother, and it's based on real life events! (So I hear.) He sent me a whole slew of poems that will probably work their way



into these pages in the future.

The "Angry Man" piece was written just before he went off to Ireland. There's a lot more of that stuff where this one came, so I'm told.

The "Me & Jamie" piece was given to me two girlfriends ago, and I'm sorry that it took me so long to run it. Hopefully -O- will forgive me someday.

I hope everyone out there chalks the inevitable spelling and grammar errors in "Dee-You-Emm-Bee" to irony and nothing else. I had a major fear of printing the flyers because I just knew that someone was going to think I'm a nazi. By the by, the artical was written when I still had the P.O. Box, so that's why all the stuff inside has that address. DON'T WRITE TO THE P.O. BOX! Write to the new address below.

Thank you everyone for everything. There isn't enough room in the world to say all the personal thanks that I need to get out. My only hope is that if you see your name somewhere in these pages you'll smile and realize that I really, really couldn't have done it without you.

--Austin Rich (2/11/00)

# Bits & Pieces

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All layouts, cover arrangements, Back Cover Photo (using The Ramen City Kid's Camera), the collage material throughout the issue and all text by Austin Rich...

**Except:** "My Night with the Trash at Motley Crue" by Madame Freakazoid; "Beer, Cigarettes, And Something Called Discipline" by Nymph-X; "3/15/99" by "Angry Man" Josh; "Me & Jamie" by -O-; "My Travels Across Europe" by Chris Brooks; "white man" flyer by some random horrible nazis; Front Cover drawing by Shosh; Skull & Crossbones on my nazi flyer by The Murder City Devils.

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**Special Thanks To:** "Angry Man" Josh; Band Nerd Girl; Honey Vizer; The Ramen City Kid (My Common Law Husband) Mondale Chris who went above and beyond his normal duties in getting me the Wiperific T-Shirt (You Fuckin' Rule!); Daniel Jonston (Happy Birtday!); Justin for the unlimited bar tab that night at his bar; My Boss for everything, even the stuff he doesn't know about yet; The Record Store Girls (All Of You... Especially my fellow writer); Brad for his inhuman driving ninja skills (same goes for Kristen (?) & Tia); JesseRansomJesseRansom & Sabrina for just being your own damn selves; Mondale Sean ("Be Normal"); Mondale in general for being one of the best bands to ever record music; Generals moving in circular gardens fondeling genetilia generally (AUGH!); Miss Doom (Sorry about the nickname... it's not what you think, I swear); and every single person who made the Blitzhaus what it is because without you I would have so much less to clean up before we moved.

Submissions / Back Issue Requests (1 - 5, 7 - 13 still available) / Mailing List Additions / Free Catalogs / Letters Informing Me You Hate Nazi's Too May Now Be Addressed To Our New Publishing Empire At:

*I'd Buy That For A Dollar c/o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing, 514 NE Stanton, Portland, OR 97232*

Or for all of you technical people you can E-Mail me (look for a website comming soon) at:

*blitzhaus@hotmail.com*

### Local Bands.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. "Support the local artist! If you can't support them, who can you support?" Everyone talks the talk but do they walk the walk? Well, I've tried to at least. Sure, local shows are hard to like because everyone has seen these bands a million times. But, if we don't support them, who's gonna buy our 'zines and come to our shows? Basically, if you complain because there are no good shows in town, that's because you don't come to see the local acts. If you can't get up off your ass to see a free or cheap show, why book and out of town band that will cost more?

So, to prevent me from doing this all the time: See the locals. They rule! Really, they do!

*Shortround:* I think these guys used to be Artless Motives at some point. Pop punk with a rough-around-the-edges feel that I really like. They make me want to jump around and I guess that's the point, so enough said. Check 'em out.

*Wristrockets:* More pop punk and I heard they just released their second CD. Seeing them live is like watching late-night TV and seeing all those ads for 80's songs CDs while drunk because a good portion of their last set I saw was 80's covers. They actually make those songs tolerable. Plus I heard their CD has like 15 songs and clocks in at under 30 minutes. Just how I like my pop.

*Filthy Few / Filthy AK:* I heard these guys broke up. Pity, I really did like the Eugene version of Kiss. At least the style was the same. If you wanted 80's glam rock these guys were the ones to deliver. I hope they're still around so they can play with American Barricade when I get that group together.

*Con Men:* Caught the last song of their's one night and I was really reminded of the Dead Boys meets New York Dolls, which is good if you like that kind of stuff, which I do so all's well.

*Honey Vizer:* When I first heard the name I said, "Who are they?" Who is she is a better question. Honey rocks. Honey plays cute sad songs with big words about corn starch. Honey rides a bike and is not one to be trifled with! If you write to this address you can get more information about Honey Vizer's Vast Entertainment Monarchy! Honey rules and that's the bottom line. If you don't see her live she will curse you and you will get a hangnail. Watch out!

(To Be Continued After "Dee-You-Emm-Bee.")

# look ahead

# It's Magic!

by Madame Freakazoid

### *A dialectical dissertation on the syntax and symbiosis of post-punk pop metal (a.k.a. My Night with the Trash at Motley Crue)*

At the end of this millenium, considering our dramatic accomplishments in human efforts of all spheres, the question that remains is whether objective reality exists, or is reality merely a complex web of interweaving perceptions based on the accumulation of cultural, physical and emotional experiences, and not of itself objective but relational to other perceptions.

I can say without any hesitation that I am aware of at least one objective reality -- Motley Crue sucks.

That this is a valid thesis is unquestioned. To examine its objective effort, one need only examine the manifestation of the perceptions in those experiencing the Motley Crue phenomenon. Consider:

-- riding home on the light rail with a tangled, smudged, askew, leopard-spot adorned woman and her equally comely boyfriend who proclaimed loudly to all: "I just got out of the joint three weeks ago. I was sitting there in my cell saying to myself, 'I'm going to see the Crue!'"



- his friend who said, "Yeah, I was in the joint two years ago but I haven't been back since."
- and the women who love them
- the plethora of young and old men (and women) with hair short on top, long on bottom
- the young woman who rushed to the stage, pulled down her dress and begged Nikki Sixx to spray fire extinguisher on her breasts
- the buffoonish really chubby guy in the AppleMusic shirt that thought pointing at the sixteen-year old girls behind him and making gestures with his hands mimicking the rounded shape of honeydews at his chest level would win him their love forever.
- the very pregnant, ratted-hair, fishnet and mini-skirt wearing woman clutching the cup thrown to her by Vince Neil, holding a place in her heart more treasured than any child.
- those who thought Smoking in the Boys Room was a Crue original
- those who thought Anarchy in the "USA" was a Crue original
- those who believe the world is one truly rebellious madhouse of fun when Mr. Neil yells, "How ya fuckin' doin' Portland?"

The members of Motley Crue are touring together for the first time since Tommy Lee's stint in jail and altogether for the first time in years. They put together a tidy collection of old hits, one new song (played apologetically -- can't bore the crowd with stuff they haven't heard before) and live sex show antics. They remain the vanguard of pretension with Nazi insignia, rebel flags, studded leather bracelets, cut off jean jackets tattoos galore (Mayhem across Lee's tummy) and a sticker that made it known for once and all: "Girls like it dirty." Two young women pranced around the stage in red vinyl thigh-high boots licking each others groins and fingering their nipple rings. By the show's end, men turned around expecting to see most women in the audience entangled in sensual embraces of a lesbian nature.

The hard work put in by band members showed in the smooth running of the show. It was very clear that the boys knew which town was hosting the show. One can only imagine the effort undertaken earlier that day at lunch:

Tommy: "OK everybody, this is Portland."

Vince: "PORTland."

Nikki: "Not PortLAND."

Nick: "As in I am having a Pepsi in PORTland."

Tommy: "The babes suck dick in PORTland."

Nikki: "You can get good heroin in PORTland."

The best moment of the evening occurred when the music stopped. Tommy Lee came out from behind the drum set and shook the hands of all the Crueheads in the front row and ruminated about the four months he spent in jail. He provided an eloquent, emotional highlight when he pounded his chest, emulating a well-known hip hop mannerism and weightily said, "That shit is REAL man." He let us know that the only thing that got him through was the love of each one of us, he felt our energy and it helped him cope with humiliation and debilitating loss of freedom. "I mean, this is the real SHIT." Then, he lifted his head, heart and hands to the heavens, sublimating himself in a loving gesture of the Holy Spirit, reverentially crossing himself after his mumbled, silent prayer, shared with each soul present in the lovely, ethereal Schnitzer. The crowd's respectful silence gave way to meaningful applause. Even better, this happened right after the song, "Shout at the Devil," where the nun-whore spanked and sodomized the Catholic school girl.

This of course is done with no irony whatsoever.

So what are we to think as we travail the landscape of post-punk? Is Cheryl trailer trash after all? Does Motley Crue really objectively suck if all these felons and K-Mart shoppers love them? Was Tommy Lee rehabilitated? Is the band an indication of the enduring significance of a watershed moment in the 80s when pop and metal blended into a groundbreaking new synthesis? Should we all try to go back in the time machine with Sherman and try to prevent this from happening? Isn't it more comforting and ultimately more meaningful to the listener to speak in platitudes such as, "This fucking rocks," and, "You fucking rock," and, "I fucking rock?" Are we really in Portland, or is it all just a self-induced delusion caused by repeated cerebral stress of headbanging?

In this era of post-punk and post-metal, I can only say that Motley Crue deserves post-mortem.  
The end.



**Unwound, Paul Newman, Yind. 2/10/99. McMenamins Crystal Ballroom.**

Having seen Unwound almost exactly a year ago it was hard to convince myself that blowing a bunch of money to see them again was an intelligent move. Emotionally, it was no issue. I'd quit my job and sell everything I own to see them live if I look at it from that angle. But realistically speaking, this was beyond what I could afford. Essentially 30 hours in Portland, 10 of which would be spent asleep or on a bus. All for one show, basically. It was ludicrous. Preposterous. I couldn't afford that in my dreams. I went ahead and had The Ramen City Kid buy me a ticket anyway.

The "hell bus" ride up was normal. The Ramen City Kid sat next to me, so it made toothless / smelly / psychotic Greyhound people contact minimum. We just chatted away about Emo & ... And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead and everyone mostly left us alone. Pulled into P-Town around dark, & there we met "Angry Man" Josh, Tobey Wan Kenobie (up visiting the gang himself), and Pat & Angie. Zip... buy the tickets for the show. Zip... Pat & Angies pad. Zip.. the search for booze begins. Zip... we're on Tri-Met to get to the show. Whew. Take a deep breath. Slow down.

I'd never been to McMenamin's Ballroom, but I'd already heard stories about how cool it was. However, nothing could prepare me for the ocean of girls that flooded this now sacred place. Hundreds of them. More horn-rims & Pea coats that I had ever seen. I swooned. The show was only just underway and I was already feeling light-headed.

Yind was already on stage when we got there. Check 'em out. Mostly instrumental (from what I heard) w/ extremely lengthy psychedelic feedback tyle stuff.. fun if you're into it. I would have liked to hear their whole set, but I'm not sure if I would have bought a single (if that gives you any ideas).

Break. Grab a beer and watch the tides move back and forth. Amazing. I haven't been to Portland for years and the time I finally drag myself up here the girls all come out in full force as if to taunt me. Then Paul Newman took the stage (and no, they did now have spaghetti sauce with them). They were from Sweden I think. I guess I was too nervous about the girls because they didn't really stick out too much. They were okay, but I don't think I'd go and see them again unless, of course, they were with someone else I wanted to see. I don't want to sound too down on these guys, but really, they weren't too special. But they were accomplished musicians in that they played well. I just couldn't get into them. Sorry.

Another drink. Swoon. I always have trouble doing anything around cute girls, even if I know I will never talk to them. They scare me too much. Anyway, the first drink hit me, then we moved in close and waited for Unwound to take the stage.

They were amazing, as usual. Their command of the songs they've written, and their ability to play them to a live crowd with a new "feel" each time, is still something I was amazed with. On the album, you craft a sound and a story with the order of the songs. But live you tend to play the songs in a different order... so the story is different each time. If you're a good storyteller, like they are, then you pull it off well.

Lately I'd been out of touch with Emo, what got me through the years before, "Her." I didn't realize it until I saw this show, but I'd lost touch with a lot of the emo/dork asthetic I had become so comfortable with. I mean, at the core we all abide by the asthetic, but on the surface I had grown away from it. The show really but that in perspective. I had taken some big journey with her, and having gotten lost, confused, and off the path I wanted to be on, Unwound pointed in the direction I really wanted to go in. And with that, I thank them greatly.

After the show, The Ramen City Kid and I bought t-shirts and singles, and headed over to The Roxy for some food. We re-assembled the set list as best as we could remember and talked about cute pups and girls we saw at the show. To quote Wayne, "Always a babe-fest." Then a cab back to the pad where Josh & Pat were still awake, and ready for a beer run. Sounds good to me, so off we went.

We sat up late on the porch in the freezing cold and drank, talking about this and that, basically trying to make sense of our lives and put it in perspective to each other and ourselves. While we drank, their neighbor, an older guy with grey hair, returned home, and Pat & Josh exchanged a few words with him. He returned shortly after with a bottle of wine for them and they, in turn, made plans to drink the night away with him at his resurant that he owns. Generations connected by their love a drink. How much more emo can you get?



A few hours of sleep later, we awoke and had breakfast at Denny's. Tobey joined us for that, and as Pat & Josh & Angie slowly fluttered off to their jobs, Tobey wanted to join us for some record shopping downtown. Of course, way too much money was spent, but I did get the Men's Recovery Project / Sinking Body split record and the new Daniel Johnston single (damn good), plus I picked up one of Crispin Glover's books, so all in all a good day was had by all. Tobey picked up the very first Johnny Cash record on vinyl, and The Ramen City Kid got some odds and ends that escape me at the moment.

We trudged to the bus station and I paid for the tickets back home, and we rode to Eugene in mostly silence and sleepiness. Our couch was calling for us and we were in a daze from our action-packed overnight in P-Town. It's odd how a vaguely-planned trip can come together in hours and only last one day, and still make such an impact on your life. Most of the time it's better not to think about it too much. Good or bad, the mark has been made, and I for one was very happy it had been.

**THE ULTIMATE  
SYMBOL OF  
BEAUTY & PEACE**

Quality  
fire

Beer, Cigarettes, And Something Called "Discipline" Fiction by Nymph-X

There was a knock on the door of apartment #45. A Man inside the apartment opened the door and found a Teenage Boy standing at his doorstep.

"Andy! Good to see you! So, how's my boy?"

"Fine," Andrew said glaring at his father. "Just hunky-dory."

"So, how was school today."

"I don't know, I wasn't there."

"That's too bad son, you're missing out on a valuable education."

"Dad, it's saturday, you dork!"

"Oh," his dad said looking at his watch. "No wonder 'TGIF' wasn't on." He shook his head and forgot that matter. "So, what brings you here. Something on your mind?"

Andrew was dumbfounded. "WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING HERE! I LIVE HERE!"

"Now hold the phone young man," his dad calmly said in his, 'Mike Brady Is My Hero,' tone of voice. "I believe I remember kicking you out 2 weeks ago, if I'm not mistaken."

"AND YOU'RE ASKING ME WHAT MY PROBLEM IS!!!!"

"Well, you do looked troubled. Would you like to talk about it, son?" He leaned against the doorway to get comfortable.

"Gee Dad, maybe just a little! When can I come back?"

"Well, the sentence was for a month, and if my math skills are as keen as they used to be, I'd say that you've got 2 more weeks."

"You're gonna make me stay down in the alley for 2 more weeks!!! I hate it down there! Everyone makes fun of the fact that I'm the only Bum that isn't old enough to buy beer!"

"Well son, boys will be boys."

"Dad! I don't wanna live on the streets anymore!"

"I'm sorry son, but what you did is wrong, and I must punish you. Is that clear?"

After a moments pause he saw that fighting this was futile. Andrew said it was clear and walked back down to the alley, mumbling something about never smoking again.



I put my cat to sleep today. I guess it's pussy, or sissy, or whatever, but it drove splinters through me. There's nothing like seeing something you love die. His kidneys had failed. He didn't eat; we kept him alive on an IV that replaced the fluids he lost with a nutritional balance that kept him going, but he was nothing but skin and bones, so we knew it was time.

The last days of his life were good. We kept him company; we sat with him, pampered him. He knew he was loved; he knew it was his time. When they put the needle in he was purring because I was scratching his chin. The intern who helped was crying and my jaw hurt because I was swallowing the pain.

The veterinarian wiped her eyes with tissue after all of the pink fluid had left the syringe. She told me to stop petting Cat for a moment, so I looked outside and tried to breathe. My air kept catching and I closed my eyes.

She told me he was gone. He had died before it had progressed to the point of pain for him. He had lived 13 years and died on the Ides Of March.

I took him home and buried him. He rests now on a hill above my house.

When I picked up his body it was still warm, but he was limp. Maybe like he was sleeping; maybe he'd wake up.

Bullshit. Cat was dead, Cat was starting to stiffen when I put him in the ground. I scratched his chin one last time and put him in the dirt.

I guess it's elementary school sentimental crap. "Write about something sad that happened over summer break." All that crap.

But I'm leaving the country for a six-month stretch soon, and I wanted to be there when he died. I made the call; I said I wanted him, "put to sleep."

It's such a pile of horseshit. I killed him. Worse than that, I paid someone else to kill him. I stood by because I wanted to see him die. I wanted to know that he lived well for the last days of his life. I wanted to make sure he was comfortable and cared for when the needle went in.

When I looked out the window to let the doctor check for signs of life, I knew he was dead. I felt his breath go out and his body relax. I felt live Cat turn into dead Cat. Cat turned into Peice Of Meat.

Cat lives now only in memory, but Peice Of Meat is buried on the hill behind my house.

If anybody who reads this looks for deeper meaning or some sort of mature content, there is none. I had my cat killed so he wouldn't die in pain. I did it so I wouldn't hurt with him, or for him. I did it so all my memories of him could be good. Not happy necessarily, but good. The cut bleeds, but it is clean.

If you snort with disirion, if you laugh with scorn, if you thoughtlessly mock the sadness for a peice of meat named Cat, I'll be sure to attend your parents funerals and your siblings funerals. Then, when those who mean most to you are gone, I will meet you outside, and when you stand under the grey sky in your black suit, I will laugh too.

Because that's what Cat was to me. When my parents couldn't comfort, Cat sat with me. If I had no one to talk to, Cat would listen. When nothing could make things better, Cat would be there.

So yes, he was a peice of meat, an existential conundrum of eat, pulse, breathe. In all he was no different than any person out there.

But I think, in my hunched down, whiskey drinking, smoking clenched fist angry way, that he was better than people, because he would never judge me for this. He would have understood.



# spectacular



[*Note: It's been quite a while since I ran a Me & Jamie story by -O-, mostly because I suck & I've been lazy about putting them in. For that I'm sorry -O-. I'll try to get on the ball. For those who don't know, a Me & Jamie story involves -O- (or, "Me" as it were from the author's perspective) & Jamie (a friend of -O-'s I assume) getting really fucked up & doing stupid shit. Fun stuff. Enjoy.]*

It's time yet again for another exciting, fun filled, action packed, nutritious, don't-worry-your-kids-will-eat-it saga of me & Jamie. The order of these never goes in order because neither did my life @ that point in time, so this article takes place somewhere between the 2nd & 8th issues of IBTFA\$, if you follow me.

Jamie & I had this sport. Well not really, it was more like a religion. Okay, so religion's a really bad name for it. Alright, you got me, it was, yet again, dropping LSD as usual. But it was still a competition to see who could drop more. All I have to say is 25 & still alive (yes, that's all @ once!).

So there we are, 6 of us, @ Chucky Cheese in Portland frying balls & playing that annoying, "Bang The Ground Hog On The Head With A Big Fucking Hammer Because I'm A Jock & I Have To Look Cool For My Airheaded Blonde Headed Bimbo Leper Whore Female Who's Been Down Everything But The Titanic," Game (it was 1 of those, "You had to be there," things).

Next I heard Jamie said, "Hey, -O-, pizza!" So I gave my object of manhood (HAMMER) to some little ankle biter who was destined to become a target in him later years due to the amount of Nike clothing he was wearing. I then proceeded to partake of a common addiction: PIZZA! The group @ the table was me, Jamie, Zac, Skunk, Ben, Aaron & Tits. Good friends. Zac's telling some bullshit story to impress Tits so that he can get her in bed. Ben & Aaron are too busy making out to notice the rest of us, & Skunk, well... uh... he's Skunk! Me & Jamie are just into the pizza, which we are comparing to a god. Jamie picks this huge piece, slides his hand under it & proceeds to lift and... Damn. The amount of cheese on this thing looked like a snow peaked mountain having a land slide. I mean we are talking some serious cow byproduct here. Jamie has his hand 4 ft. off the table, & the cheese is still attached to the rest of the pizza! In a moment of utter tenseness, when the light side & the dark side of the force go head to head, when the intensity of the moment is so thick you could drive a car into it & find it's impact zones, the cheese snaps, & this 1 tenticle sticks to Jamie's forehead like a cheap date.

I look @ him & say, "Wow, you've been blessed... CHEESE IS OUR FRIEND!"

Jamie takes his eyes off me just in time to see an olive fall off, & he says, "Fuck the olives."

At that point everyone is paying attention to Jamie & they start laughing.

Jamie gets this intense look on his face & says, "Hey, c'mon everyone."

So we leave without paying & follow Jamie down the road, like Peter's disciples. He leads us to the Safeway 4 blocks down the road.

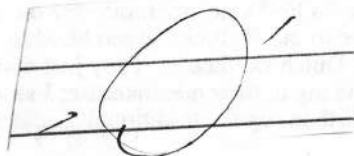
"Okay, here's the plan. -O-, take these 5 & go pray to the cheese. Zac come with me."

So we do, because Jamie is a fucking genius.

Mental picture: 5 people dressed like punks walk into a store @ midnight, walk straight to the cheese aisle, kneel down & start speaking in tongues. After 5 minutes of that the individuals run, not walk, to the canned food section & start cursing @ the olives in rather loud voices. Yeah, you'd probaby ignore the "normal" individuals walking over to the beer coolers & walking out with 8 cases of beer, not even attempting to hide it. Yes my friends, the gods Colby, Pepper Jack, Cheddar, Brie, Gouda, Monterey Jack & Munster were looking out for us that night. Needless to say, the next day we returned all of the empties to the same Safeway. So the next time you see individuals gathering around the cheese, don't tease them, they're just trying to get drunk.

Thank you to all who enjoy these pieces, especially you Ben, I know who you are!

**Adding  
Your Own  
Creative  
Touch**



*to all of you who  
want my autograph*



Dear First National Church Of BAAL--

*Finally finished writing up the fucking travel tale thing. If any part of it strikes you as remotely amusing / interesting feel free to include it as part of I'd Buy That For A Dollar's comprehensive travel guide to the world in general.*

*Hope this mountain of the written word find you all rich & fat.*

*"Cut the crap, man, this is SHAFT!"*

*--Shaft, Jedi Master*

*Love the lot of you*

-- Chris (4/16/99)

\* \* \* \* \*

### My Travels Across Europe, or "I Gots The Fear!"

In the interests of avoiding carpal tunnel syndrome and preserving the remaining tatters of my sanity, I'm only going to write about my brief journey across the European Continent once and then tack on various and sundry little personalized bits so the illusion that I'm a good friend and a decent correspondent remains in your minds. To those of you I already wrote to (if such there be) forgive any and all redundancies.

We departed on the 22nd of March, which was a Monday if memory serves. "Angry Man" Josh was leaving for Dublin the same day to embrace his chosen life of hollering in Gaelic and jiggling in between waking up in the gutter in the Temple Bar and seeking employment in Ireland's finer gun-running organisations. We had spent the weekend doing the Norwich thing, which consists largely of going to many pubs, eating Indian food (I suckered Josh into eating Chilli Massala, which I call the "Johnny Cash Curry" because the morning after you eat it you experience a sensation that is best defined by Mr. Cash's classic "Ring Of Fire") and getting trapped in Norwich cathedral by squads of Anglican Priests. None of this is made up. Our initial party to Amsterdam consisted of Kelly and Libby, my two beloved friends from Eugene, my best mate Dan (fellow Oregonian here among the Anglo savages) and his buddy Mike. Mike and Dan spent their time together engaged in a Man-Point contest in which each would vie to be more "manly" than the other... Dan won man points, for instance, in that his backpack was an army rucksack and had less stuff than Mike's. Mike, however, pointed out that Dan was traveling with a blue fuzzy blanket and the contest was a tie. This continued for the better part of a week.

We took the ferry to Holland and sampled the ship's fine assortment of Murphy's products in its bar. Kelly sampled like no tomorrow and ended up horizontal by the time we got the Hook of Holland, which is the port on the way to Amsterdam. We stumbled through customs (my passport photo... oh lord my passport photo. It amazes me each and every time I am NOT turned away from a foreign country based solely on my passport photo... I look like a salesman for Aryan Nations products ["hi, my name is Chris and I'll be your Nazi today. Would you care to purchase a 'Who are the Aryan Nations and why do they keep following me?' bumper sticker?"]) and took a long train ride to Amsterdam. The hostel we were staying in was called the Arena. It is a warehouse of a building and the dorm is one huge hallway with about six hundred beds. We discovered why staying there was comparatively inexpensive the next morning when the demolition started... I was awoken after my five hours of quality shut-eye by the sound of a wrecking ball knocking down sections of wall somewhere immediately underneath the room in which I was sleeping. This continued for the duration of our stay (beats an alarm clock in the effective department). At least the management was kind enough to provide a "sorry about the noise, we hope you enjoy your stay" sign. Fucking wankers...

Amsterdam itself was a blur facilitated by the relatively low price of Heineken and the legality of Hippy Crack, which I admit I smoked (Had To Be Done, my motto for the rest of my travels, was originally coined in Amsterdam in reference to the fat funky green bhudda). The one major discovery was a skinhead reggae/ska store run by friendly Dutch skinheads. They just about shat themselves with joy when Kelly and I walked in and started gawking at their merchandise; I suspect Dutch traditional skinheads get very lonely and need to be hugged more than regular traditional skinheads. I kept purchases down to



two hard-to-find British ska CDs and Kelly got a bitchin' Madness shirt. We left the next day, bidding the females a fond adio and rocketing off toward Paris. Details:

Dan and I were travelling with the aid of the "Inter-Rail Pass." Intended exactly for our circumstances (young wankers on the road around Europe for one month), we thought / hoped that it would be a sort of Golden Ticket that would allow us unlimited free train travel. To this I say, in retrospect: "Ha, HA Ha!" We discovered that for every train ride we would invariably have to buy something, sometimes a seat reservation, sometimes a supplement, sometimes just a bribe to let us into the country (Spain was big on the latter). We were forced to sit in between train cars to Paris and we had the pleasure of getting bitched out by the large French conductor, and for the first time I knew The Fear. The Fear is much more than mere concern or anxiety. The Fear is what happens when a spoon-fed pantywaist like myself is forced to confront the realities of not knowing the language and not knowing the city several times in rapid succession across a foreign continent. The Fear hits home at every train station and every time it seems impossible to find a place to sleep that night ("Hola, por esta noche dos chicos bueno? Si? Si?") Dan and Mike had their man-point contest. I contented myself with my internal battles with The Fear. *[editors note: despite the so-called "Fear" that the author discusses, he had a swell time. And "Pantywaist" is really too harsh a term. "Girly girl" would suffice.]*

Paris ruled. All rumors that the French are evil and hate everything are grounded in reality (they really do think their country is The Shit) but the situation isn't that simple. The French just resent English-speaking supidity. If you approach them with bad French and make sure to apologize a lot everything works out fine. When I saw Henry Rollins do a spoken word thing a few months before I left he spoke to this fact: apologize in French and watch as the person you're addressing responds with "of course I know your silly little language you simpleton. Now what do you want?" We stayed at a wee hotel somewhere in the north part of Paris, near the handy and essentially moron-proof metro system. We spent our days touring the various huge palaces stuffed full of art and our nights eating too-expensive restaurant meals in the Latin Quarter (known to the locals as the "flaming shit-hole tourist trap." We ate at a Greek place mostly because the proprietor broke a place for us. Breaking Stuff! American Male Reaction is Positive!). The two cool things about Paris were: the fact that the Latin Quarter restaurants are all in direct competition with each other and each has an evil solicitor outside the door who tries to talk passers by into eating there. They get into fights. They scream at each other and taunt each other. I was hoping for bloodshed but I didn't see any. The other thing is that the French absolutely succeeded with royalty. Step I: Build palaces bigger than some cities. Step II: cover said palaces with statues of naked Greeks and enormous columns that don't necessarily hold anything up. You win. Last Paris note: we peed off the side of the Eiffel Tower. We all won man points for that.

Mike left us after Paris, which was a shame. Good lad he was, full of humble American wit and Yankee know-how (translation: he would say things like, "let's eat here, I don't give a fuck," and, "if they don't speak English I'll just tell them to shut the fuck up." He took the stress out of travelling, honestly.) Dan and I, alone, for the first time, rocketed south on another train that necessitated us sitting in the little in-between car space (our home away from home). We were planning on hitting Bordeaux on our way to Spain and staying for as many days as seemed appropriate. It took about fifteen seconds to decide that one night would suit us just fine. I'd like to say something about Bordeaux but the only thing that sticks in my memory is that I ate the worst sandwich I've ever eaten at the mostly-abandoned carnival area in the centre of town. The ones on display had eggs and cheese and tomatoes and things sticking out of them, but the one the woman gave me was a stale baguette with a terrible parody of ham in it, the kind of lunch-meat that is the same color as an animal corpse after an oil spill. We left promptly.

Madrid. Madrid was fun because when alcohol hits the system Dan and I become troopers, Vietnam-style... we charge enemy positions screaming things like "I'll see you on the other side, Jungle Rat!" "Give 'em hell, Hand Job!" We showed up after the longest train ride without a bathroom I've never wanted to be on. I showed an old cabby the address of the hostel I'd tried to book us at earlier that day from Bordeaux. Said hostel was in the heart of the Campo de Cases park, which turned out to be a city-sized affair with its own amusement park situation and lots of little cafes and things... very pleasant during the day. By night, however, it was the official stomping grounds of about three and a half million Spanish prostitutes. Dumbo the Cab Driver got very lost very fast once we were under the boughs of the trees and decided the thing to do was to pull over and think really hard about once every thirty seconds. Each time he did this about eight Spanish Whores would swoop down on our cab and bang on the windows. "GI, GI OK! Bueno! Kiss, Love, Si!" Dan laughed and The Fear swept over me (in retrospect, I don't know why... I guess I feared being dragged out of the cab and being forced to pay for sex against my will. Something.). After multiple attempts the cabby finally found the hostel and we fled to the bar. Hostel bars



chance to flex my crap Italian skills later ("abbiamo Inter-Rail. E necessario per supplementi?" "Si, piu soldi per me! Ah ha ha ha!" *editor's translation: "We have Inter-Rail. Is necessary for supplements?" "Yes, more money for me! Hee hee hee chuckle!"*) we reached Firenze, known to ignorant Americans as Florence. We dashed around town looking for accommodations and finally found a hotel room after I had visions of sleeping in the doorway of the Duomo and hoping the fascists didn't get us. Florence, and Italy in general, was the following:

A.) Ostentatious as all screaming HELL. People are born with Gucci shoes on. No one goes around without a huge pair of sunglasses that probably cost as much as third-world nations collectively owe the World Bank.

B.) Gifted with the best ice cream in the world, period, end of argument.

C.) Sporting lovely works of art and beautiful buildings that charge about a week's rent to get into and require four-hour waits in line.

D.) Blessed with trattorie (wee restaurants) that make amazing food and sell house wine that kicks the ass of anything ever sold outside Italy, Fance included.

The Police wore black fascist uniforms, watching a crowd walk past was like sitting at the edge of a runway in a fashion show, the prices were high enough to make sure backpack-sporting dipshits like us could only afford a few days, and it was great fun.

The second (and last) night in Florence we went out to a trattoria with Jen, a girl we had randomly bumped into from UEA (well, actually, from Connecticut, but we're all from Norwich here). Her friends from Brighton accompanied her and we had met up accidentally while enjoying the four-hour line to get into the Uffizzi Gallery (note to people who plan to travel in the future: it's a swell gallery but it is NOT worth four hours in line. I reiterate: NOT NOT. Not.). We drank much vino with dinner and then hit the bars. Long anecdote shortened, we ended up hellaciously drunk by 2:00am and Jen and her friend Elaine had no idea where they were staying. Dan and I nobly set forth with the intention of walking them home and proceeded to follow them as they wandered around randomly for about an hour. They finally convinced us they were "very close" and scampered off, leaving us to find our way home dead-drunk and sans map. Again my Herculean efforts at speaking Italian paid off and we found our hotel and got a delicious four and a half hours of sleep before we had to get up to catch the train.

Then came Venice. If you, gentle reader, ever hope to "save money" or "not go broke" or even "not have to sell your extended family into slavery," DO NOT GO TO VENICE. Twenty five dollars, translated into Lira, will last about two hours if you want something like, I dunno, a snack along the way. Staying at a one-star hotel with screaming French kids occupying all the rooms around us cost us the total price of a weeks stay in Prague (which is where we fled to after, see below). As an added bonus, it pissed down rain the entire time we were there. All of that being said, Venice does have a certain type of charm and beauty, largely because the novelty factor of not having to fear death-by-scooter-gang (a serious problem in the rest of Europe and especially Italy) which gave us great pleasure even as we clung to our umbrellas and ducked into art galleries to get out of the rain. We did find a trattoria wherein a man in sunglasses with a handle-bar moustache fed us huge pizzas and good wine, so all was not lost. While waiting for our night-train to Vienna (there to switch for a train to Prague) we met a crazy old man, as one does in train stations. He had been a life-long clothes dyer for the huge fashion houses in Milan. The true test of my essentially non-existent Italian (two years of college Italian. A housemate who was happy to do my homework. The simple facticity: I didn't learn a whole lot) was understanding what the drunken old sod was trying to say to me. I gathered he was once in the army and I think he said he met JFK once. He also tried to convince us to share his wine, which he was drinking out of a dixie cup from a wine box that looked essentially like a grapefruit container like moms give their kids in their lunch boxes. We fled.

Slept like a rock on the train, switched over successfully at 6:00am in Vienna, arrived in Prague. Prague had held a sort of mythical quality our whole journey. We intended to go, but at the same time I had never thought we'd actually make it. Eastern Block, full of things like Absinthe and fifty cent pints of beer, Prague seemed impossible and too remote to ever actually see. Up till then we could hope to make out at least the jist of what people were saying to us, even in Spain where neither of us hed ever taken the language. In Prague, if you didn't know what Hlavni Nadrazi was, you were just poop out of luck. One of Jen's Brighton people in Florence had given us the number and directions to what he claimed was the ultimate hostel, the sort of Valhallic Hostel in the Sky where backpackers go when they die if they've been good and have never stolen someone else's toothpaste. After hours of frustrated attempts to figure out the trams and make sense of his scribbled instructions, we arrived at

**The Boathouse**



If there be a God, let it show itself in the Boathouse. Exhausted, laden with dirty laundry and month's worth of hangovers, we stumbled down a dirt road from an impossibly -remote tram stop (almost twenty minutes sound of the city centre at Cerny Kun tram stop) to find, well, a boathouse. A big warehouse-looking building with big garage doors that you could imagine people putting boats in. It was about thirty feet from the river, the sun was shining, and signs with "hostel" were painted all over the top floor. We walked in and a woman in slippers was vacuuming with a cigarette dangling out of her mouth; she waved and smiled and continued to vacuum. "Are you Chris? You called from the train station?" another woman asked. "Put your stuff in your room, here is your key, you pay later, have some beer." We were home.

The Boathouse is run by a group of about eight Czech women who speak English like no one's business. They make breakfast and dinner and charge nominal fees (the equivalent of three dollars gets the lucky traveller a huge bowl of soup and a plate heaping with veggies and meat and good lovin'). They do laundry for three dollars and fold it and leave it on your bed. There is a kitty that runs around and is fun to play with. Large bottle of Czech lager cost 50 cents. Probably at least half of the kids staying there never bother to go out and hit Prague itself because The Boathouse covers their every possible need. The first night we drank beer and met about thirty people. Dan ended up going out and destroying his brain on vodka and I hit the sack... I was awoken at 2:00am by a female sitting on me. "Yous gots to come and drinks vodka... wes gots cherry stuff to mix it with." Though tempted I was enjoying a warm bed I didn't have to share with Dan way too much (every friggin' hotel we had gone to had given us one bed between us. I like the guy but not that much) and I declined.

Prague is simply the most beautiful city on the face of the planet. The people lack completely in the kind of pretension that DEFINES the rest of Europe, especially Italy. I had enjoyed every country I had been in immensely but I felt actually at home in Prague. I could wear all my bum-clothes and fit right in (I had been dying to wear my camouflage cut-offs on the whole journey, but I think they actually have Fashion Police in Italy that would have shot me through the head on general principle). The second night a pack of about ten or eleven Canadians, Aussies, and us skinny American white boys set forth into the city. Alcohol abuse reached heights unheard of outside of heroic legend... I consumed about thirteen beers over the course of the night and sampled the legendary Absinthe, drink of choice for insane 19th century writers (Poe, Hawthorne) and young hip kids alike. Somehow I had the presense of mind to find the right tram home and hit the sack by about 6:30am.

Our time ran out on us in Prague. We had finally found the promised land (many of our fellow travellers had been trapped in Prague for weeks when they were originally intending three day stop-overs. It is the only authentically cheap place in all of Europe and it's hard to leave the Goulash behind) but Dan's folks were arriving on the 14th and we had to go. We took a fifteen hour train ride from Prague to Paris which was more painful than any hangover could ever be, then the next day a chunnel thain north and we were back in a country where everyone speaks English. That's actually one of my favorite things about England, now that I've seen the competition. I think my final analysis of my trip was that it proved how relatively simple travel is: avoid screaming hoards of prostitutes and watch out for dishevelled bands of gypsy children who try to steal your wallet (everywhere we heard about the dreaded gypsy kids and never did we see one) and you'll be OK. Now I'm back in exciting Norwich and I kind of wish I wasn't... haunted by memories of Italian wine and Czech beer and Barcelona sunlight and Frech crepes. On the plus side, I can shower at my leisure here and no one mocks my pain when I try to speak French.



# HELP!

**Quick fixes** **for** **THE BIGGER QUESTION** .....



As I've mentioned before, I work in a bookstore. I'm a manager for the "late" shift, working from around noon or three in the afternoon to 9:30 P.M. every night. This comes in very handy for someone who's up past beer-thirty almost every day. On even the most alcohol-soaked late night chances are I'll still manage to get a full six hours of sleep in before I have to wake up and get to work an hour early. So, no problems there.

A lot of people think that my job must be a walk in the park. Surrounded by books and book-readers, a lot of people assume that working in a bookstore must be the intellectually stimulating high-brow equivalent of, say, a musician working in a record store.

They are completely wrong for all of the wrong reasons.

For a job that interacts with the one form of media that has yet to take an attack from the, "Media Is Destroying The Young And Fragile Minds Of Our Children," groups, I have had to interact with an abnormally high percentage of extremely dumb people. And I'm not talking about your average retail stupidity. The kind of stupid that invites such mind-numbing questions as, "Where's your Calendars?" when you have to walk past not only the Calendars but a large sign that reads in bold letters, "CALENDARS," would be welcomed at my store. No, that kind of stupidity is few and far between here at Gateway mall. Consider the following:

- "Do you work here?" (Asked while on a latter or carrying books or ripping the covers off magazines.)
- "Are you open?" (Asked while the doors are open, lights are on and other shoppers are looking at merchandise.)
- "Are you closing?" (Asked after I've turned off all the lights, closed and locked one of the doors and politely asked the customer to leave.)
- "Do you sell books?" (I shit you not! At least once a day!)
- "Do you sell movies?" (I can't make this kind of shit up!)
- "Will you call your competitor for a price comparison?"

This list goes on and on.

Gateway Mall, I've found, breeds stupidity. Not the good kind of stupidity either. I imagine that in the world there is a call for the kind of stupidity that protects me from the sudden and complete realization that there really is no purpose or meaning to life in this nonsensical, chaotic and altogether unfair world. I mean, what with new scientific studies that show that the portion of the brain that makes conscious decisions never shows signs of stimulation until after we've made a physical action (thus proving to the casual observer that any action any person makes is a chemical reaction that we rationalize afterward as apposed to a conscious decision made with planning and forethought), life can get pretty bogged down and muddled after the seventh or eighth cyclical self-argument over weather or not it really is, cosmically speaking, worth it to masturbate. Eventually, you have to give in to the concept that stupidity--or not being fully aware of the nature of things--is not only good, but necessary.

Unfortunately, many people use this excuse to be really, really dumb... and pass it on to their kids! This is very unacceptable. It always starts innocently enough: "You know, I do have the right to be stupid when it comes to the nature of my existence... do I really need to learn how to fix my truck too?" This line of thought is very detrimental. I do concede that we, as people, have the right to remain ignorant where a quality-of-life issue is up for debate (i.e. "Is it really worth it to learn why the sky is blue when it is so full of magic and mystery on those warm summer days?"). But under no circumstances do you have the right to raise stupid children! What kind of nation have we become to allow this?

You may think that my difficulty with the youths of today is biased. After all, I have a nice job, work in a bookstore, get drunk when I feel like it and have the opportunity to rant and rave about pointless subjects at great length without ever presenting the other side. Well, you're right, and it should remain that way! When you have to contend with the kind of idiocy I do, it's no wonder we're not all mucking around in tar-pits right now saying to each other, "Well... at least I can still reach the remote." Just take a gander at some of the inept parenting I've witnessed here in the Mall recently:



country to thrive for nearly 200 + years now!), who knows what kind of political malaize we'll be reaching in the years to come. In their prime, the Nazi party eliminated millions of people in camps and successfully conquered several countries. These guys who dropped off this literature probably only killed one new-growth pine tree *at best!* And that's assuming they really did some intense fliering. We're talking 50 bookstores, people. Come on! You can do better than that!

I came to realize that if this was what our world has come to then I need to do something about it. I'm not going to sit around and let the seeds of stupidity run rampantly in our Malls. It may be too late to close the movie theaters down, and I'm sure all the protesting in the world will not prevent Puff Daddy from releasing poorly-sampled version of 70's funk songs. I may be able to steer a few poor souls to bringing sack lunches to their jobs, but the sad fact is that most of the people who come to Gateway Mall are lost for good. If I'm going to affect change in this world, I need to start with someone who, oh, I don't know, left a flier with their address on it at my work. Maybe *they* would listen to what I have to say.

Being the philanthropist I am, I decided to form the Propganda Spreaders Of America Assistance Group, a non-profit group dedicated to teaching those who were blessed with less-than-adequate Hate-Spreading skills the ways of effectively being the assholes they want to be. I mean, if we are going to learn to live with these misunderstood crackers, we'd best try to give them a nudge in the right direction... you know, teach them what they want to know, right?

First off, I noticed the small size of the flier they made. On a standard piece of xerox paper you can fit three or four of these little handbills. Who's gonna notice that? The handbills are great for standing on the street corner and really laying into the uninformed masses with the fire-and-brimstone style of speech. They re-inforce the point and make a great ice-breaker for single Hatemongers. ("So... what's a beautiful aryan like you doing at a Nazi Rally like this?") But for the unobtrusive Numbskull who wants to send a message but feels too timid or shy to actually talk to people, you need something to grab their attention first. Something big a bold. I propose 11" by 17" paper (they have plenty of this size at Kinko's or any other Nazi-Friendly copy shop). Or better yet, why not rent a billboard? Nothing says, "I hate niggers," quite like a huge, roadside billboard depicting some swastikas and maybe a KKK member. I mean, those pictures alone create imagery that no amount of handbills could convey! Why aren't the Nazi's already doing it?

I assume the reason is money. Nazi's have never been known for their good-investments (Switzerland... what were they thinking?), and I imagine the party is running on empty these days now that Hitler is long since in the ground. This eliminates skywriting and public access TV too. Advertising is more expensive than you think, you know. No, I think the posters will probably have to be the way to go on this one. Effective (especially in a town like Eugene) without being too spendy or obtrusive.

The problem is, the target audience here is obviously kids. Adults are either already set in their ways of hating other groups for inadequate reasons and don't feel the need to hate an altogether new group of people. Either that or they are so open minded that they could never bring themselves to ever hate something unless it was getting ripped off on the crank they bought from their neighbor. If the Nazi's wanna get anywhere, they're going to have to target the kids. They're young, impressionable, and above all else, everywhere! You can't swing a dead non-white without hitting at least one kid these days, and according to the media they can't think for themselves! Why else do we herd them into large buildings for most of the day? We're afraid of their on ignorance! If we didn't make kids go to school they could be out pulling guns on each other and taking drugs! And that sure doesn't happen in schools... oh, wait... nevermind.

Anyway, the point is kids are everywhere, thirsty for some form of something to believe in (religion, music, movies, Stone Cold Steve Austin, etc.), and, more to the point, react to just about everything with extreme passion. If you want to win over the one segment of the economic market with the most purchasing power, you gotta give it up to the the kids. If you have their support, anything will sell... even hate.

So, it's a large flier for kids that you need to make. Maybe they should use some colored paper for this investment? Lime green, canary yellow, firehouse red and sky blue are the most hateful colors if you ask me. I suggest they use that instead of white.

Now, every piece of hate literature needs a header to catch the attention and make the reader buy into the otherwise stupid idea. Let's face it, the swastika just doesn't cut it these days. Everyone knows (especially these assumedly-stupid kids) that the swastika, if reversed, was originally some sort of pagan-



religious symbol and contained about as much hate as Drew Carey getting a blow job. To really convey the message of utter and complete hatred you need a symbol that people can identify immediately with unbridled hate. Why not a skull and crossbones! It worked for the pirates of yor and with the minor addition of a slogan you've got a true symbol to hate and fear. So I suggest a gigantic Skull & Crossbones to top off the flier.

On to the text. The text in the original handbill did do a good job of conveying the intent even with the spelling errors, poorly-constructed sentences and weird mis-quoted facts. With a little editing, we could have their text leaping off the page with excitement and zest in every sentence. If it works for business writing, it will probably work for the Nazi Party:

white man

This is not a good start. Right away you've got people on the defensive. A title needs to grab your attention, not scare you. Everyone knows that the "white man" is one of the more inadequate and obnoxious groups of people in the US. If you make a flier and give it the title "white man," people aren't gonna wanna read it; they're gonna wanna wipe their asses with it. A title really needs to say what's on your mind while at the same time being readable, coherent, and inviting. I suggest:

Brothers Of Hatred Unite!

While your TV, your movies, and your newspapers keep you pacified with diversity propaganda you are being bred and immigrated out of existence.

This sentence has got to change; it's obviously just not true. American television, movies and newspapers are still preaching hate and segregation just like they used to in the old days. Now, it's a little more hidden. On TV, we see black comedys and white comedys. Sometimes there is a token black character in a white comedy, but he rarely says anything funny that isn't self-deprecating. The same goes for the honkys that show up in black sitcoms. Movies are even worse, especially with the advent of the Inner-City-Black-Kid-Growin'-Up-In-The-Hood movie. (See Don't Be A Menace To South Central While Drinkin' Your Juice In The Hood if you want to know what I'm talking about.) White people more and more see black people as an entirely different kind of people who have to deal with lifestyles and a homelife unlike anything white kids ever see. Even newspapers that report prison statistics and drug-war victories show, consistently, that black people and white people have very different lives. The next time a McDonald's comercial comes on, just try to find a cracker in a staff with a black kid working the drive through. I dare ya.

Futhermore, the idea of white folk being bred out of existence is just preposterous. Especially 'round here. In a town as "liberal" and "open-minded" as Eugene is, I think I've seen one inter-racial relationship that lasted for any period of time in the five years that I've lived in this town. Strangely enough, they were a couple that came into Gateway Mall. I don't think they're together anymore because I haven't seen them "together" in a while (I have seen each of them individually). The sad truth is that the days of Guess Who's Comming To Dinner is not yet history. Every time an inter-racial marriage is shown on TV it is still treated as "odd" or "different" or "not quite right." (Most times it's a plot point to make fun of either race in that same, self-deprecating way.) Rarely do you ever see inter-racial couples portrayed in movies unless it is the premise of the movie. When marriages are announced in the paper, it is perfectly normal for a black wedding or a white wedding to only be read as a wedding. But when an inter-racial marriage happens, it always reads, "So-And-So Woman (White) and So-And-So Man (Black)," (or vice versa) as if to point out the fact that this is odd or unusual. You don't see people put parentheses around someone's racial hertige if both partners are honkys. That's because no one cares if, "they stay with their own kind."

Obviously, the idea of "diversity propaganda," and being bred out of existence is just not something the average person can believe. And, personally, I don't know how I can be "immigrated" out of existence, but it doesn't sound too threatening to me. What the Nazi's need to do with this sentence is make it sound more menacing while at the same time not delving into the lands of absurdity. An easy solution to that would be:



Attention! While your TVs, movies and newspapers continue to aid us in maintaining the separation of our volatile races, there are still those that believe that our ideals are not just and true!

(Exclamation points always add life to text!)

Every day 3000 more non whites pour into this country.

I don't know where the Nazi's got that fact but it just ain't true. (They probably have connections to Rush Limbaugh's fact checker.) Over 300,000 "non-whites" (as they put it) come into the US every year, and this fact is about two years old (taken from Downsize This! if you're interested). That number doesn't even begin to scratch the surface. You might argue that we are not considering the amount of people that are being deported every year which, when subtracted from the "entering" number, probably balances out. Wrong. With our clogged court systems and inefficient police officers the chances of getting deported are less and less the longer you live in the good old US of A as long as you aren't from Mexico and steer clear of the southern border. If anything (and this is a very high estimate), the deportation to immigration ratio is very, very low. Obviously, facts just don't have much place in the Nazi literature, even if the true ones would favor their arguments. I suggest eliminating it entirely.

Every day the politically correct demand that you socialize and mix with the dark races-knowing full well that socializing means inter-marriage and intermarriage means extinction for the white race. You are not being diversified you are being destroyed!

Well, not exactly. In fact, chances are that if you socialize with "non whites" (and vice versa) it's more and more a case of work or school related than the act of making friends. Again, another case of conditioning. For all the politically correct hemp-smoking I'm-Right-You're-Wrong type of people that preach this kind of interaction, I really don't see many blacks hang out with whites, or latinos, or Irish, or any other group in this town. The lines are very heavily drawn unfortunately, and even within the so-called "above that behavior" punks, when a band comes through town, chances are you'll be the only black guy at the show if you like The Donnas.

Politically Correct bullshit aside (no one really buys that nonsense, anyway) the pressure on us to "socialize and mix" with the "dark races" is non-existent. They say they want to enjoy the company of all races, but in the end they only smoke out their caucasian friends. They say we should be kind to our fellow brothers, but I don't think a single guy of color works at Sow Much Hemp. Chances are those same "politically correct" mentors of ours are hoarding a gun or two if they live in the Blair neighborhood. The idea that these pansies could actually influence 200 plus years on hard-core racial prejudice to suddenly change and cause us to marry outside the family is not just absurd, it's downright impossible! It would take more than a few so-called Liberals who used to follow the dead and now work for Symantec to change the deep-seeded hate and distaste that only America can stew.

Therefore, it makes sense to direct the distaste away from that and aim it back at those who really allow inter-racial marriages to happen: the church! There's no way they would retaliate--they're on your side! They don't like black folk in white churches, marrying their daughters, paying for their grandchildren to go to college, getting their dark-skinned hands on the girl's sugar-white ass. That would go against everything "God" is all about! I think the sentence would better read as follows:

There are even some so-called "whites" that actually allow inter-racial marriages to happen by performing the sacred vows for these heathens themselves! If we are to discourage socializing with the dark-skinned races we fear so much we must put an end to this madness.

(Not only do you then get the support of the churches, you also get to add the word "heathen" in and make it actually sound good while masking your own right-wing connections.)



Your told that it does not matter if we all become one brown mongrelized race because all races are equal. Don't believe the deadly lie!

Come on, people! YOU ARE contracts to make "You're," not "Your." Grammar, people. Grammar!

Second, if what they are saying was true, and all so-called media propaganda is leading us to inter-marry and dilute the white bloodline, it wouldn't be a "brown mongrelized race." Recent census reports state that the majority of the Earth's populat<sup>e</sup> is, in fact, Asian. Yes, I know that people hate the Asian's too, but I don't think "brown" and "mongrel" are generally what you use to de-humanize an Asian. (I'm pretty sure you use jap or chink or something like that... I'll have to ask some right wing WWII vets to be 100% sure.) Also, Asian markets in the world-economy have been, traditionally, stronger than American markets. And lets not forget the Japanese technological edge they have on all of us. I mean, when you look at Asian culture, we're a bunch of pathetic wankers. *We're* the mongrels if you ask me.

My suggestion reads:

You may think that it's okay to allow foriegners to out-work us economically and politically. Don't believe it!

If all races were equal they would preform equally.

Exactly! Again, from Downsize This, the races are not equal. In America, non-whites and other immigrants, in combination with the poor, form the hard-working core of our workfoce pulling 12 hour work days doing menial, manual labor for very little pay. The smallest percentage of the population has the highest amount of money, and they don't do shit as the day progresses! Guess what color of skin *those* guys have?

Apparently, this was the only piece of Nazi "fact" that made it into the handbill. I was about to give them props when I read on:

And yet where the dark races predominate we see only crime, drugs, and chaos.

Sadly, this is a case of the "frogs with no legs can't hear" logic. True, "dark skinned" folk tend to live in regions of towns where crime, drugs and chaos insue. But does this necessarily mean that they are the cause? If a black person were to move into the south hills of Eugene, would that mean the neighbor next door would have to start selling drugs because of this? Crime and drug use does not follow skin color, and if anything our own system of stopping both has perpetuated that myth. What I'm talking about is a new system of police-keeping called "Suspected Gangmember." (The following info comes from my friend and yours, Mr. Jello Biafra.)

The way it works is like this: everyone remember McCarthyism? Remember how you used to say, "Oh, he's a commie!" and then his name ended up on a list that prevented whoever from getting a job, owning a house, marrying, and other such trivialities? Suspected Gangmember works in much the same way in large town. Let's say you live in L.A. If at any time in your life a police officer has stopped you for any reason, be it innocent or not, and he thinks you may be a Gangmember, you end up on the list. The Suspected Gangmember list is supposed to be used to enable police in large towns to track youths that could be troublemakers. If a different cop elsewhere in town stops some kid and his name ends up on the Suspected Gangmember list, this gives police a paper trail to follow when the kid actually fucks up.

Reasons you can end up on the Suspected Gangmember list are:

- Hanging out with another Suspected Gangmember
- Loitering
- Petty crime (shoplifting, graffiti, etc.)
- etc.

It's pretty easy to see how just about anyone could end up on this list, and I'll give you three guess what color of skin is generally not on it. (Hint: If you're rich, look in a mirror.) There are cases of people



ending up on the list for being related to people who are on the list. Some people got on the list for living in the same neighborhood as someone else. The "anecdotes" go on and on.

The worst part about the Suspected Gangmember list is that some employers are asking to run names through the list when people put in applications for jobs, as are some landlords! After you're on the list, if you ever have any future run-in with the law you already have a record now too! It doesn't take long for someone who is a good kid and fairly smart with the wrong color of skin to end up on the downhill slide. First he makes a friend at school who's on the list, pretty soon he can't get a job. Then he's forced to get a manual labor job. Can't move out of his parents house because he can't rent cause he's on the list. Etc, etc.

Crime and drug use should be discouraged, but in a system where supposed protection prevents someone who has done nothing wrong from getting a job and a home in all but the "ghetto-ist" neighborhoods, the rational that skin-color attracts crime and drugs soon needs to be turned on it's head. No one will believe these Nazi's if they try to put that on their propaganda.

I suggest a more accurate sentence:

But when dark skinned folk try to break out of the manual labor field and get paid for the low-effort jobs we've always been more-than-willing to hold, the system needs to give sooner or later.

The Nazi's continue:

The truth is that virtually every manifestation of high civilization has come from the heart and mind of the white race.

Well, not exactly. Everyone's familiar with the Chinese, right? How they'd discovered gunpower before anyone else had? Remember the Native Americans? Our own system of government that we use today in the US was stolen from the Five Nations agreements they had worked out themselves by none other than Thomas Jefferson. Almost ever great country with "high" civilization used slave or manual labor to get anything done, and guess what skin color those slaves were? If anything, "high" civilization owes everything to ideas and labor pluderred from "low" civilization. I really can't let the Nazi's make this sort of blunder. Stating this would just not only piss someone off, but cause ill will toward them. I opt for deleting the sentence entirely.

There is no equality in nature and as part of nature there is no equality between the races. If we continue to mix with non whites we will die as a people and as a race.

Yeah, but in nature the in-equality exists toward the weak and the stupid, and so far you fall in that category since you don't have the capacity to (a) face people and distribute your hate one-on-one and (b) can't spell, use grammer, or use an actual fact to save your life. If you want to use natural selection as an arguement for why dark-skinned people need to die, make sure the arguement doesn't apply more to yourself. I suggest:

In nature you must either fight to survive or rely on the pack to fend for you. While the dark-skinned people of this world fight for their own causes and stand for their own beliefs, we must unite in our co-opted beliefs if we are to succeed at all!

Lastly, they say:

If high civilization is to live then the white race must live. We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children. Your race is your family. Keep faith with your family.



Blah, blah blah. You've already said this before and at the point you're just wasting space. By now anyone who has read this far and hasn't thrown the flier away in disgust is on your side. You don't need to say this stuff again! A better, more effective closing paragraph would be:

As white Nazi's, we are becoming more and more weakened by the lack of new recruits and the education people are receiving concerning what our cause is really about. We must strengthen our numbers and support ignorance if we are to survive! In the world of the '90's, hate is not effectively being spread to those who need it most! If we are to secure our place as carrying on the traditions of our Nazi forefathers, we must set aside our own economic and social discrimination of the past and unite in our fear of those with a different color skin. This is the only way to better our own kind.

I think that works pretty good. Conveys all the sentiment of the Nazi party without being too ineffective. Of course, we'd add the address below that:

YOUR FRIENDLY LOCAL NAZI CHAPTER  
P.O. Box 10502  
Eugene, OR 97440

This is not the address I found on the handbill. The original address is in Nebraska, but I figured that I'd help these guys out by handling a small portion of their mail for them. (Of course I'd forward all their mail to them.) Interestingly, my friend Chris told me that, supposedly, most Nazi propaganda that exists that comes from Nebraska is all being circulated (or can be traced back to) the same guy. I don't know if it's true, but if it is I now have a better understanding of why he's only using handbills. After all, this guy's got a whole country to get his message to! It's understandable he would make the occasional mistake. I think if it is him, my help is doubly needed.

Okay, now we've got the text worked out and the flier ready to go. The only remaining obstacle to getting these babies up and out to the public is the new anti-fliering laws they have here in Eugene. For those of you who have not been keeping up with the problem, Eugene used to be a great town for grass roots advertising. Anyone used to be able to make up a flier for whatever reason (be it a garage sale, punk rock show, "Vote For So-And-So," whatever) and put them all over town on telephone poles and stuff. It was great. A common summer sight used to be guys with staple guns and stacks of paper wandering around town putting up fliers. I loved it! I used to follow right behind and take down any cool fliers for bands that might be playing.

But the day of the flier in Eugene is past with the new anti-fliering law (Eugene Municipality Code 4.050 - 4.065 if you're really interested). Now you can get fined up to \$115 for putting fliers up. \$115! The reasons behind this are supposedly because this makes 13th street near campus (and other heavily-fliered areas of town) better looking. It's part of the "clean up Eugene" initiative.

Unfortunately, this leaves us with a huge problem. If I'm to help these Nazis then I need to be able to put up these fliers. But I can't without risk of getting a \$115 fine. I'm sure that if I were to write to them and explain myself that they would write back saying they'd be willing to cover the \$115. But can I really trust a Nazi? I decided it would be much more effective to write a letter to the City of Eugene. Here's what I wrote:

TO: The City Of Eugene  
FROM: Propaganda Spreaders Of America Assistance Group  
RE: Eugene Municipality Code 4.050 - 4.065

Dear Sir or Madame:

Hello. My name is Austin Rich, and I'm founder and president of the Propaganda Spreaders Of America Assistance Group. Our group's focus is on that of trying to help those who are less fortunate and incapable of effectively spreading propaganda of any kind for whatever reason. We aid those who need it



most. We are a non-profit organization and have little money to support these causes, so much of the Propaganda we assist in spreading is on the grass-roots level. We use a lot of fliers and handbills and other such low-tech, low cost alternatives to traditional forms of spreading such information.

Unfortunately, our newest project requires your help. Recently, we came across a desperate case of ineffective Propaganda spreading. These handbills we found were poorly spelled, contained abysmal grammar, and cited facts that were, at best, inaccurate. We knew that we had to help these people.

We went ahead and designed a large number of fliers for this group with accurate spelling, punctuation, etc. and would like to put them up around town. Unfortunately, the anti-flying laws that have been passed here in Eugene (Eugene Municiple Code 4.050 - 4.065) put us in a terrible position. We do not have the money to pay the \$115 fine that fliering would cost us, but at the same time need to help these poor, pathetic souls who are not capeable of spreading their message themselves.

I am asking nicely if there is a way around the anti-flying law. In this day and age there seems to be laws inhibiting almost all actions a sane man would like to take. It would be nice to know that in this case, there is something we can do that will allow us to do our jobs and *NOT* break the law doing it.

Enclosed is a copy of the flier we want to put up around town. At this point we have not put up any of these fliers, nor have we distributed any of them either. We also want to point out that we are not the originators of this flier. We are providing a service to a group who's propaganda we found and feel was inadequately capable of accomplishing what they wanted. After all, that is the service that we, as a group, provide. We do not in any way stand for the sentiment that is being shown in this piece we need to distribute.

Furthermore, the address on the flier is our own, not theirs. This, again, is not because we support their actions, but because we cannot distribute these fliers with their address on it due to the controversial nature of the subject (they have already had quite a bit of trouble lately because of it). Therefore, we chose to use our address instead and would then forward all the mail we receive for them. Again, we are not supporters of the cause, nor does their money pay for our work. We are providing a non-profit service to them for free because of their own inability to perform the task of spreading propaganda effectively. That's what we do.

We would like to know the City's position on this sensitive subject. We hope to hear from you as soon as possible, seeing how the sooner we know what exactly the situation with Municiple Code 4.050 - 4.065, the sooner we can get these fliers to where they are needed. Thank you.

--Austin Rich

P.S. I noticed that a lot of postings were made around town that were on green, laminated paper that (ironically) cited the municiple code in question! Can you believe that? Some people will stoop to any level to prove a dumb point about a law they feel is out of order, rather than actually attempt to rationally explain their case to the city (as I've done here in this letter). Enclosed in one of those green laminated papers. I can only hope this will help you nail the people responsible for such an lame attempt at circumventing the law!

Fortunately for me the City of Eugene is very prompt (which is sadly one quality I'm having trouble with as this project continues to grow and grow):

**CITY OF EUGENE**  
EUGENE MUNICIPAL COURT  
ROOM 104, CITY HALL  
EUGENE, OREGON 97401

DIS AUTO TO  
SALES OR  
RETURN  
SERVICE  
REQUESTED



(Whatever that means)

Mr. Austin Rich  
P.O. Box 10502  
Eugene OR 97440

(How nice... Mr... I like that)



This gave me an idea. Sure, a good portion of this city is municipal property. The streets and sidewalks (and the telephone poles and street signs that are one them) is municipal property and is therefore subject to their discussion. But everything else in the city has to be (by definition) owned by somebody. The city doesn't own the businesses or the apartment complexes or even the college. Everything else is owned by someone, and is, therefore, private property.

The kind of canvassing it would take to first of all find the actual property owners and then get them to agree to let me put up my flyer is just ridiculous when I consider I'm only one man. We're talking weeks of talking to people who could really care less, and frankly, I've got a job and a social life to attend to. I can only do so much, ya know?

That's why I'm bringing it back to the people. I've enclosed the flyer, I'm done all the legwork, and now I need your help. Talk to the property owners in your area. Ask them if you can post it on their property. I imagine a simple phone call could put your apartment building (or house) on the road to being a show promoters best friend. Who knows? Maybe even the nazis will want to have a word with you after you've done it. It's up to you now to affect change.

After all, I can only do so much what with my impending move away from this bullshit, nazi laden backassward town.

Free James Brown!

The Flyer That Started It All →



## white man

While your TV, your movies, and your newspapers keep you pacified with diversity propaganda you are being bred and immigrated out of existence. Every day 5000 more non whites pour into this country. Every day the politically correct demand that you socialize and mix with the dark races-knowing full well that socializing means intermarriage and intermarriage means extinction for the white race. You are not being diversified you are being destroyed!

Your told that it does not matter if we all become one brown mongrelized race because all races are equal. Don't believe this deadly lie! If all races were equal they would perform equally. And yet where the dark races predominate we see only crime, drugs, and chaos. The truth is that virtually every manifestation of high civilization has come from the heart and mind of the white race. There is no equality in nature and as part of nature there is no equality between the races. If we continue to mix with non whites we will die as a people and as a race.

If high civilization is to live then the white race must live. We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children. Your race is your family. Keep faith with your family.

NSDAP/AO  
P.O. Box 6414  
Lincoln, NE 68506

# NOTICE!

more reasons to laugh

last : good VIAGRA



Complimentary Nazi  
Propaganda





# *The Nazi Party:*

Hating People Who Are Different  
Since The Early 1940's!

---

Brothers Of Hatred Unite!

Attention! While your TV, movies and newspapers continues to aid us in maintaining the separation of our volitile races, there are still those that believe that our ideals are not just and true! There are even some so-called "whites" that actually allow inter-racial marriages to happen by performing the sacred vows for these heathens *themselves*! If we are to discourage socializing with the dark-skinned races we fear so much we must put an end to this maddness.

You may think that it's okay to allow foriegners to out-work us economically and politically. Don't believe it! But when dark skinned folk try to break out of the manual labor field and get paid for the low-effort jobs we've always been more-than-willing to hold, the system needs to give sooner or later. In nature you must either fight to survive or rely on the pack to fend for you. While the dark-skinned people of this world fight for their own causes and stand for their own beliefs, we must unite in our co-opted beliefs if we are to succeed at all!

As white Nazi's, we are becomming more and more weakened by the lack of new recruits and the education people are receiving concerning what our cause is really about. We must strengthen our numbers and support ignorance if we are to survive! In the world of the '90's, hate is not effectively being spread to those who need it most! If we are to secure our place as carrying on the traditions of our Nazi forefathers, we must set aside our own economic and social discrimination of the past and unite in our fear of those with a different color skin. This is the only way to better our own kind.

YOUR FRIENDLY LOCAL NAZI CHAPTER

P.O. Box 10502

Eugene, OR 97440



*Compact 56:* These guys opened for Mondale one night and they brought with them a hoarde of pop-punk kids. I have never seen that much dyed hair and pogoing! This band definately rules and they have the perfect lyrical style for the music they play. (They cover, "I Think We're Alone Now." How much more perfect can you get?) Catch 'em if you can.

*The Morbid Taliwacker Choir / River Chicken Redemption / The Dirty Little Secret Jug Band (Shh!):* This is a Jackass Willy side project and they keep changing their name after every show they play. Try to imagine the perfect blend of Hee Haw and punk rock and you've got a close description of these guys. No electric instruments (a real jug, washboards, washtub bass, everything) doing covers of "Where Eagles Dare," "Rebel Yell," "When The Shit Hits The Fan," and other classics. I taped them when they opened for Mondale on New Year's and if I get the band's permission I may offer the tape through this address. We'll see.

*Mondale:* Probably my favorite band after The Wipers and ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead and KARP. Mondale is the definition of Nerd Rock. All of their songs are about girls, computers, and all of the nerdy things that come between them. They play frequently and they have a demo tape that occasionally gets played on KWVA (request "Attraction / Distraction" if you want to hear it) and the song was recorded by none other than the Lord Of Darkness himself! These guys are so good I can't explain it in the space I have allotted, so just see them when you get the chance. You'll thank yourself.

**1/26/99. 10:13 P.M. Blitzhäus.**

This morning I had this dream about Mike Patton. In the dream it was me & Kiisu @ the Fantômas show with everyone else too, & this time we got to talk to the band a lot & hang out with them. We were all excited. So Captain Morgan put on his Weird Little Boy CD & Mike freaks out. "Where did you get this?" he asked. Morgan said, "I bought it @ a record store." Mike says, "Jesus, I made that CD & I can't even get it. Can I have it?" I woke up before I heard the answer.

I hate days like this. When, @ the end of the day, everything I did or participated in could have just as easily been done by some other person, I feel like the whole day has been wasted. A fucking waste of a day. I have so many other things I could be doing that only I can do. The only useful thing that comes out of work is I get paid. Sigh.

**1/29/99. 1:49 A.M. Blitzhäus.**

This morning I had this crazy dream that seemed totally out of Clueless. Me & this girl & this guy are on our way to High School & the Jeep we're driving in breaks down. So we walk to the school & when we get there this guy is totally captivating this group of kids like they're hypnotized or something. He keeps telling them these jokes & they're totally into it. Then he tells them he's got a good story for them but keeps leading the group around the halls & school grounds & stuff. I had been following them. Finally I get fed up & throw a cup of water on him. He gets pissed & starts throwing punches @ me & stuff, but I manage to bat away every punch before he can even land one. After quite a bit of this stuff, we both just quit. I appologize & he says it's no problem. Everyone that's gathered thinks we're the shit. Later, when he & I are alone, we start talking about how we staged the whole thing. For some reason I woke up pissed.

**1/30/99. 10:51 A.M. Blitzhäus.**

The Ramen City Kid was talking about how cats understand Hungarian last night. It was really cool. It's weird how everyone has these theories & ideas for how the world works, or it's even just a cute observation, & they don't even mention it to you for a long time. Weird.

**11:19 P.M. Blitzhäus.**

I had this dream this morning that Henry Rollins lived in the house across from me, except I lived in a real house & there was a lot of outdoorsy stuff around, like when I lived on High Prarie in Oakridge. I kept trying to talk to him but he was always somewhere else in the house. His house put on a lot of shows so there were people there all the time. I never did catch up with him.



### ***Hot For Chocolate, Pass Out Kings, Cats & Jammers, Wesley Willis.***

What a line-up! What a show! This was upstairs at the Vets club and I was very, very early, and startled to see that there, in the corner, talking to himself, was Wesley Willis himself! I couldn't believe it!

(Now, I understand the controversy over letting someone with chronic schizophrenia record music, and I even understand the sadness that is involved when you get a group of people that are laughing at someone because they are retarded, but you have to look at it this way: Wesley thinks that he is a rock star and he thinks that his music is genuine. He's doing what he wants to do for a living and he doesn't let anyone tell him how to do it. Not only that, but I believe that he knows that his songs are funny. Now, isn't that all any of us really want out of life? At the show, I was laughing at the songs and not him.)

I walked over a meekly started looking at the table, which had a box full of CDs on it. (I say meekly because there is a certain amount of intimidation and respect a large black man commands, especially when he's Wesley Willis and especially when you are a fan like me.) He was selling his music before the show. Perfect! Now was my chance to talk to him and, hopefully, head-butt him (which it had been rumored is a standard greeting for most people, and seeing how he had a gigantic bruise on his forehead I am inclined to believe it). I crept up after finishing a beer and asked him if he was selling CDs. "Yes I am selling these rock and roll albums," was his response. I looked at the box and there was a lot of stuff I didn't recognize. More of his stuff than I'd ever seen before. I said, "Which one is the best one?" He said, "This is definitely the best album I have for sale. \$10." He handed over a CD with a black and white cover. The first song title was called, "Suck A Bactian Camel's Dick." I was sold.

Problem: I only had \$9 cash as I had just bought a beer. I said, "I only have nine dollars, but if you wait a minute I'll go to the ATM and I'll be right back." His response: "I will sell you this rock and roll album for nine dollars." And with that, the CD was mine! I later found out that this isn't one you can get in stores. You have to buy it from him! Beautiful.

As I was about to go in for the head-butt, he said, "Let me hear you say Rock." Slightly confused I said, "Rock," with a sort of weak tone in my voice. "Let me hear you say Roll," came next, and of course I said, "Roll," because when Wesley Willis asks you to say something, you say it and that's that. This went on for a while as he changed the inflection on Rock several times: Rawk, RAAAAWCK!, rock, r-ck, ROCK, roooooooooooooooooooooock, etc. Of course I complied but before I could ask about the head-butt some girl came over and started fawning all over him. I decided that I was being selfish to want to hog all his attention and instead ran to the ATM for more beer money.

Hot For Chocolate was okay. I've never been a huge fan having seen them here and there but over time they have started to grow on me. I imagine after I leave Eugene I'll miss them a whole bunch, but at the time I really just wanted to see Wesley. Next was Pass Out Kings, and they are always really fun so I enjoyed them. Then Cats & Jammers came up after that and I really liked them. So much, in fact, that I bought one of their CDs which did not have the cuddling song that I liked so much on it and, sadly, the CD only went downhill after that. You know what they say about bands with "live" energy. Well, these guys seemed to have only that.

Everyone was so excited about the show, even the bands. "Wesley Willis!" was the commonly overheard phrase in the audience and the bands were just stupified. "Let's hear it for Wesley Willis everyone!" they would yell, and they meant it. The people that were attending were not just anyone, they were real fans, and that made the show that much cooler.

Eventually they set up his keyboard and music stand, and then his chair, and Wesley himself walked on up and asked everyone to crowd on in. And we was great. Song for song he played his heart out, playing the keyboard with the concentration of a Philharmonic conductor (so what if it was basically the same song over and over again for the entire set, he belted out different lyrics each time and the bridges were always different). Not once did he bend to an audience request. He even made the entire audience do the, "Rock, roll," thing and no one minded. They were there to let this man entertain them, and that wasn't sad no matter what people think. I didn't even recognize most of the songs but it didn't matter.

He was singing with honesty and integrity, and that's the point.

### ***2/2/99. 11:46 A.M. Blitzhäus.***

Fucked us dreams this morning. I'd rather not discuss them all.

In one dream, there was this new section on planes that had this urinal device built into the seat. It was like a tube that came up out of the floor that you pissed into. I was watching a huge infomercial about it in the dream. This was exclusively for rich people, because it cost a buttload of money. There was another part that was about the Bookstore. I don't remember much else. Best not to go into it anymore.



**2/4/99. 12:41 A.M. Blitzhäus.**

I've decided I'm going to stop being nice to customers @ work. If they piss me off I'm just going to unload on them. "Can you help me?" "No, fuck off!" "I'm looking for a book..." "Good for you, may I suggest something on not asking me any more questions?" "Why is this book not on the shelf?" "It's a government conspiracy against stupid fuck-ups like yourself." "Do you know what time it is?" "No, but if you get the fuck out of my face & go outside where the sun is I'm sure you'll be able to devine an answer within 12 hours of accuracy." "Why are you so mean to me?" "I wasn't breastfed as a child & therefore have this nagging feeling everything is your fault. You could say you actually deserve it, fuckface!"

I wish I could say this stuff & have them not notice or not care. "Who wrote Shakespear's Hamlet?" "That's classified." "Oh, really? Well, can you tell me if you have it in?" "Are you self-aware enough to deduce that you might get somewhere by, oh, I don't know, checking the section?" "Yes, but I didn't see it, & I even looked in the C's in case it was one of those phonetic spellings." "I see. You were looking in the wrong section. You want the Self-Help Section along that wall... the subsection called, 'Fucked-Up People.'" "Really? Well thank you. You've been very helpful."

I have some job-satisfaction issues that need to be delt with, in case you couldn't tell.

Libby said the coolest thing the other day. She was talking about how people say, "Thanks," instead of, "Thank You." If you're gonna do that, she reasoned you should say, "Welcs," instead of, "You're Welcome." That's so fucking neat. I want to say it all the time. I wish I actually remembered to do it. Every time I think to do it it's too late. But I really like it. I hope everyone starts doing it. That would definately rule quite a bit.

**2/15/99. 9:00 A.M. (Or So). Blitzhäus.**

The other day I had this fucked up dream. Most of my dreams these days have been messed up. I was @ this party & all of these women from my past were there messing with my head & I was looking really dumb in front of my friends. Finally the party ended & everyone left. I went home to this weird garage thingy set off from a small house. Inside the garage was all of this music equipment, but it was all fucked up & held together with duct tape & jury-rigged & stuff. Little Jon was there, so I told him about all the girls messing with my mind & how I thought I was set up to look bad in front of my friends. Little Jon wasn't sympathetic @ all. This pissed me off. Suddenly I remembered that it was 1988 & that we lived in Olympia. I looked out the window & saw Kurt Cobain walking away from our house. I went over to ask him if he wanted to jam & he said sure. Then I woke up.

Yeah, I didn't get it either.

24 hours in Portland. Spent too much money. Saw Unwound. Got drunk. Fucked up. Hung out with Josh & Pat & Angie. Good times. I hate returning to reality after that. Everything sucks by comparison. Oh well.

I don't know how to relate to people. They confuse me so much with the way they interact with me & each other. I wrack my brain trying to figure out what people want & what they mean. I spend all this time alone because I don't get it. I don't understand. Why don't I? Why don't they?

They never get it. Fuck 'em. I'll walk around this fucking town forever if I have to, looking for that key. I'll never find it, but I'll keep looking. I've got my music. You can never take that away from me. I'll walk past you 1,000 times gritting my teeth to Nomeansno & I will try to figure you out. You'll just scowl @ me & walk off. You'll never get it. Fuck you. So happy & ignorant. Rich fucking bastards with your happy families. You don't get it. No one gets it. I'll spend the rest of my life alone trying to figure it out. I won't. I'll walk forever. You'll be happy forever.

No, it's not a fair trade.

**2/27/99. 7:50 A.M. Blitzhäus.**

The world begins anew each day. People rise up trying to convince themselves their lives are worthwhile. They invent new things that piss me off & plan new tactics to use when they fuck with me. People need to die horribly. It's no longer worth it to just die. They need to suffer. Over & over & over. Each time a kick in the ribs. Bam! That's for that fucking IHOP commercial. Bam! Bam! That's for those extra taxes last paycheck. Bam! That's for high school in general. Bam! Bam! Bam! Just because you're ugly & you piss me off.



You say I'm too nice. How is that possible? I hate everything. Too nice? You're kidding? Why is it that when I stop acting "too nice" you all hate me? Wouldn't it make sense that if you girls think I'm too nice that I should start being mean to impress them?

I tried to tell myself I don't care & I can just move on. But I still think about it. Go ahead, take that knife, all of you. Everyone else is doing it. Right in the heart. Or better yet, the back. "A shake of the hand / a pat on the back / a knife in the back / Oh, I'll buy you a beer." Ouch.

What do I have to do? What do I have to do to get people to stop fucking with my emotions? Hmmm? I sure can't figure it out on my own.

### ***Fugazi.***

The Fugazi show was doomed from the start. Stupidly I bought the ticket the same time I bought my Nomeansno ticket and thinking, "Oh, Fugazi isn't until March and it's February," I thought I had all the time in the world to get the days off and whatnot. Wrong. The end of Feb. was Nomeansno and the beginning of March was Fugazi. Sigh. I had a week in between, and no time to get the days off.

Having already bought the ticket I figured I'd force myself to go, but then a further development: the show was in Springfield. What? Huh? This didn't make sense. Getting back from a show out in Springfield was going to be tough, and to add insult to injury, I had to close the Bookstore that night. I couldn't even switch to an opening shift.

Apparently, I was going to show up late to a show in the middle of nowhere that I wasn't sure I was going to get back from. Perfect. Just perfect. To further complicate matters I was trying to meet up with a friend of mine, Jessica, who scored last minute tickets to the show. If you came into my bookstore that night, chances are I was on the phone trying to work all the details out as I completely ignored you. Sorry.

Eventually I got to the show. Immediately I'm amused by the fact that they have a beer garden. A *beer garden!* At a Fugazi show! Cute. Somebody was having a good laugh somewhere. As soon as I decided that I was about as close to the stage as I could get, Fugazi started.

Now, I'll be frank: I don't know Fugazi that well. I like what I've heard and I'm a big Rites Of Spring fan (thanks Ramen City Kid) so the show was pretty good in my opinion. Maybe it was the outstanding Nomeansno show I'd seen seven days pervious, or maybe it was the fact that I didn't recognize more than two or three songs, but I just couldn't get too excited about it. As they left the stage I decided that I really needed to invest in some albums in order to judge them more effectively.

Now came the tough part: getting back to Eugene. Though a walk home might have been possible under other circumstances, a storm was on the horizon and the wind had picked up quite a bit. There weren't any buses heading back to Eugene, so all that was left was for Jessica and I to call a cab. We eventually got back to her apartment on the other side of campus, from where I walked back to my place only to walk back an hour later, records in tow, to perform my radio show. (On the way to my apt. I saw a huge tree on campus outside the EMU that had been knocked down by the wind. This startled me a bit seeing how I had a lot more walking in the same wind that knocked the tree down to do that night.)

The moral of the story is: no matter how much you tell yourself you should see a band just because you want to say you have, it isn't worth it in the long run to go through all the trouble if it clouds your opinion of the show.

### ***3/30/99. 8:47 A.M. Blüzhäus.***

I had two dreams this morning, and both of them were messed up.

(1) I was traveling with this group (mostly animals, I think) and we ended up in, "Hell." I say, "Hell," because it was just like real life except everyone was evil (moreso, that is) and they could never die. We ran into this guy who said he'd help us get back home, but there was no way to get us to the right time. The guy said it would be within one or two girlfriends of time. The thought I'd have to go back to do it over again really scared me.

(2) I was in some kind of school or something and it was a long time ago. Einstein was our teacher. Everyone was making fun of this girl and she was really proud of this note Einstein had written her as an End-Of-The-Year send-off type, "Good Luck," thingy. The kids were all making fun of her and talking while she was trying to read the note. I got up and walked over to her and grabbed the note and started to read the note to the class. Everyone looked at me and sat in silence. The note was pure gibberish. I started to read it anyway. I kept messing up. Everyone kept staring at me. The girl started to give me a dirty look. Then I woke up.



4/19/99. 9:30 P.M. The Bar.

I need to relax. I need to maintain. I ordered a drink. It's on it's way. Think. Relax. It's okay. The first sip is soothing. Familiar. The rest of my body is misfiring & fucked up. My body's on messed up time... to fast & toooooooooo sloooooooooooooow. My mind does the opposite to compensate. It's like this every day after work. And they said smoking was bad for me.

Just to make it through the day I have to fuck myself up. Wake up & shower to wash off the booze from last night. Aspirin with a cup of coffee chaser to jump start the engine. And we're off!

Allergies. Pop two decongestants to stop from sneezing & crying. The coffee mixes with that and I'm not even on Earth. Greasy food for lunch. More aspirin for the 3 o'clock headache. Another cup of coffee at six because I can barely stay awake. I'm not even human anymore. Pure energy. Work. Mechanical.

Add at this point one person of every kind of stupid who all want something from me and I fill with rage. Everyday the urge to kill rises. Primal. Instinct. I want to destroy for no reason except it would feel good.

Now I'm here. People fill in the empty spaces with talk. I can't focus on any of it. Everyone stares at me. They're used to seeing the lonely guy having a drink on his own after work. The guy with only desperation and hopelessness as his friends. The empty look in his eyes. The dissheveled attire. They're just not used to seeing it in a 24 year old.

Finish the shot. Take a deep breath. Catch the bus at 10:18. You've got to do it all tomorrow. Hopefully no one will die this time either. Fuck I want a cigarette.

### ***El Destroyo!, Violent Femmes.***

I was originally going to miss this show when I heard they were coming to town. I hadn't been too impressed by their recent stuff and though I would put the first Violent Femmes album as one of the more formative records I've ever obsessively listening to in my life, I wasn't sure if I could handle the pain that would most definitely come if I saw them do a bad show at the EMU. Eventually I was talked into going by Becca for the soul reason that if I didn't see them now, would I ever get a chance to?

It was probably the most "college" experience of my life. I paid \$25 ("25 fuckin' dollars! You've got to be shitting me!") to see a band on a college campus (Uof O to be exact) with a million other kids who probably then went back to their dorms and smoked a bunch of pot and flaked their morning classes the next day. The only thing more college would have been seeing R.E.M. or Sonic Youth, but the Femmes would have to do I guess.

All I'll say about El Destroyo! was that they sucked a lot, and Gordan Gano agreed.

I was in a bit of an emotional state to begin with. Girl troubles, money troubles, friend troubles. I had finally gotten my chin up about going to see this show and then what happens? Flawless versions of every song off that first album. A beautiful rendition of, "Country Death Song." I was screaming because this wasn't just another show I was attending, this was my senior year flooding back in one wash of emotional frustration, only this time the music was loud and I could sing along and no one cared. They even played, "Waiting For The Bus."

There comes a point in your life when you think you've left things behind. Feelings and ideas and thoughts that you'll never have to deal with again. The first femmes album was so integral in leaving that life behind that listening to it at home was sometimes sad because those times were gone and the band, now having moved on to other things, and would never quite be the same. To hear them playing those songs, as if they too had to relive those bad times as well, just put me over the edge that night.

Walking home with Becca was difficult because I couldn't adequately convey this to her. As I started preparing for the most somber radio show I've ever broadcast, I remember trying to figure out exactly why something so harmless like brilliantly executed songs was so emotional to me.

I finally decided that the real reason was that I should have been on that stage too.

It was only that much worse when I found out crusty punks had stolen the flyer I'd gotten for this show off my wall (at my birthday party no less). If I find out who you are I will, without a doubt, castrate you in the most painful way I can think of.

*(Next "Typical Eugene Bullshit": Jello Biafra, Bell, Limp, The Donnas (& More!), Dillinger Escape Plan & Mr. Bungle, Enemy Mine & The Melvins, Man... Or Astro-Man?, The Causey Way, Bob Log III, Rock\*A\*Teens, Tom Waits, Groovie Ghoulies & The Muffs, More Journal Stuff and lots of random bits about girls, girls, girls!)*



For the amount of time I've spent doing it, the thing that I'll miss most about Eugene is the quite times I spend listening to music, missing out on the rest of what's going on as I try to squeeze one last bit of something out of a mundane experience. (That, and the metal bar bent at a ninety degree angle on top of the warehouse before the EWEB building as you go over the overpass before Ferry Street Bridge that's only visible [to me] when I'm on the Gateway Bus during the day on the way to work.)

Since I got to this town in November of 1994 I've spent countless hours writing away in some poorly lit room, long past the time at which I should have been asleep because I have to work in the morning, ignoring the city that's around me, trying to find something funny or interesting about the guy who thought I worked for the Trane Air-Conditioning Company because of the jacket I was given by Chris two Christmases ago. Sure, the method of writing (pen, pencil, computer, typerwriter) has changed and the house has changed and the roommates who are asleep have changed (a bit) and the coffee is a little different and Chris is probably in school today and the guy that's yelling at me from across the street, regardless of the fact that he's sane or not, is often different, but the feeling is the same:

Desperately trying to make sense of everything before I forget what it was to begin with.

The urge to flee Eugene came on slowly. This isn't something that hits you overnight as some may believe. When I first moved here I told everyone that I would never, ever leave this town for any reason.

Ever.

But eventually Eugene started giving me subtle hints that it was time to get out of the nest. Not in so many words, mind you, but Eugene got it's point across. The attitude I got while walking down the street, the things I would see on the bus, the songs I would hear on the radio were all spelling out an unmistakable message. It just took me a long time to figure out what it was.

Friends. They come and go. They make big plans with you and forget to call then form a band with you and forget the ten bucks they borrowed that you need to buy cigarettes then date the girl you had a crush on and find you a great job. It doesn't make a lot of sense most of the time. There's something there that you can't quite put your finger on. You know it's important. Maybe some message? Maybe not. Maybe that's why they're friends. Everyone else in your life needs a reason to interact with you; your friends just are.

Jobs. Foo. Money. Foo. Girls. Double foo. Eugene was definately trying to tell me something there. Eugene knows real irony when all three start going my way and I finally get the message to get out of dodge. Whatever. I'm not falling for that trick again. Not this time. If I was to stay all three would go to shit, and then what?

Eugene's been a good friend to me, but I know when I've overstayed my welcome. I know when it's time to get off the couch, do the dishes for the last time and find my own place to live. Somewhere that I can not feel like I'm intruding. Yeah, Eugene's jerked me around a bit, made me think I had it figured out then pulled the carrot away at the last second, but this time it's not gonna have to pull out all the stops.

Everything is falling into place. The new house, the new job. All in a nice location, too. I keep waiting for the other shoe to drop. Either we'll have to put up with full body cavity searches and regular ghost hauntings on a daily basis, or we'll live next door to three attractive girls with a gay male roommate who all just moved to town and need someone they can relate too. At the rate we're going I wouldn't be surprized if we all won the lottery and then died in a car wreck afterward. Who knows? With a group like Pat, "Angry Man" Josh, myself and The Ramen City Kid, anything can happen.

So now I need to say my last goodbyes. Walk around at night a few more times. Hit the Safeway on 18th again. Coffee and donuts. See another show and get drunk at Vet's and Doc's one last time. Not the last time per se, just the last time *this time*. Eugene and I will see each other again, but we'll have changed and the attitude will be different and things will never quite be the same again.

Still, it's always so rare that you get to say goodbye to a friend or lover the way you were meant to. Eugene has been both for me in the past. I just hope I don't spend the time clacking away on a keyboard trying to make sense of it.

--Austin Rich. (2/11/00)





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